Ice

Note to teachers: This supplement includes a discussion guide, lessons and Michigan Content Standards to use with the Michigan Time Traveler page published in the Lansing State Journal, 12-09-2004. You may reproduce the pages in this supplement to use with students.

MASTERY QUESTIONS *(SOC 1.2 Comprehending the Past; SOC 2.2 Human/Environment Interaction)*

- **The Post Office Dogsleds.** How was mail usually delivered to Beaver Island? (boat) Why did dogs get involved in mail delivery to the island? (need to cross ice) What invention eventually replaced the dogs? (airplane)
- **Skating on Ice.** How did people use the 1850s ice skates in the picture? (People attached them to boots or shoes with leather straps.)
- **Harvesting Ice.** Describe the process for "making ice" in the 19th century. (People sawed and harvested ice blocks from frozen ponds, hauled them to shore, cut them into smaller slabs and stored them in icehouses.)
- **Adrift on the Ice:** How did people try to find the fishermen? (People went in carriages to boat launches, sent messages to different shore-points, and went out in boats.) Could this happen today? How would we try to find them today? (Coast Guard cutters, helicopters)

ACTIVITY ONE: Mapping *(SOC V.I Information Processing)* Have students identify the other places from the news stories on a large Michigan map: Pinconning, Saginaw Bay and Cross Village.

ACTIVITY TWO: Sequels: *Will They Be Forgotten*? *Adrift on the Ice for Six Days and Nights*
(SOC. II, 2 Human/Environment Interaction; ELA 3. Meaning and Communication in Context;)
Read and discuss: Copy and pass out the sequels on page 2 to the story *Adrift on the Ice*. Have students read the sequels and discuss what happened. (**January 15th, 1874:** This sequel talks about the six men who went to rescue the two fishermen and never made it safely back to land. **January 22, 1874**: This sequel gives more detail about the fishermen's adventures.) Talk with students about what a sequel is—a continuation of a story. Sequels are a common vehicle that authors and movie producers use to engage their audiences over an extended period of time. Have students give examples of newspaper or magazine stories or books they have read or television shows and movies that they have seen that are sequels to another. What do they think of sequels? Do they like/dislike them? Why? Why do they think publishers and producers create sequels?

ACTIVITY THREE: Historical Accounts, News Stories and Autobiographical Stories *(ELA 6, Voice)*
Read, discuss and write: Copy and pass out the story on page 3: *If Heaven Were on Earth*. Have students read it. Discuss the differences between a historical account such as *The Post Office Dogsleds* and an autobiographical account. Consider the point of view—who is telling the story? Talk about the use of descriptive words—adjectives and adverbs. Think about the appeal to different senses and emotions. How do they compare to the 1874 newspaper story *Adrift on the Ice* and sequels? Ask students to choose and do one of the following:
(1) Write a historical account about the adventure of the two fishermen based on the newspaper articles. (2) Write a story about a winter adventure they've had.
(3) Write a newspaper account about a winter event at your school or in your community.

ACTIVITY FOUR: Design a Hat! *(Arts 2. Creating; Arts 5, Connecting to other Arts, other Disciplines, and Life)*
Show students the picture of the child's winter hat on page 4. Talk about this 100+ years old hat and other styles that keep us warm. We lose much of our body heat through our heads when we don't wear a hat during cold weather. Ask students to design and draw a picture of a new winter hat and create an advertisement for it. In planning their design, they need to think about color, shape, materials (how it will look) and function (how it will keep them warm). Have students present their advertisement to their class and explain why they think their hat will sell.

Excerpts from "Will They be Forgotten?"
Iosco County Gazette, January 15, 1874, Tawas City

One of the first parties that started out for relief, and the first that dared the dangers of a rough sea, was the Alabaster* party of six brave men, who volunteered to do all in their power to afford relief. . . . That Sabbath morning dawned pleasantly, but the day had but half gone when the storm came, and how earnest and anxious must have been the sad watching of the lonely ones at home, as the hours passed by and no tidings of them were heard. And, when the news was brought that the boat had been found upon the beach, with no vestiges** of the men, thus turning their anxiety and fear to an almost positive certainty that their loved ones were lost, how cold and meaningless must have seemed the sympathy that could only find expression in words? How unsatisfactory must have been the reflection, that none were found to go to the rescue of those who had lost *their* lives in their efforts to rescue others. . . .

We do not say that there was a probability that any of the Alabaster party could have reached land, either on the islands or mainland; but we do say, that so long as there was even a possibility of their reaching land, or ice, the fact will remain, uncomfortable yet true—that no such efforts were made to save them as were made to save McEwan & Smith—that no parties of brave men searched every nook and corner of Saginaw Bay, for *the six*, as were sent out, they amongst the foremost, to search for *the two*. . . .

Adrift on the Ice for Six Days and Nights
From *Iosco County Gazette*, January 22, 1874, Tawas City

William McEwen and George Smith went out on the ice on Saginaw Bay on Wednesday, Dec. 31, to fish. . . . They took with them on the ice, however, only their blankets, fish spears, two hand-sleighs, tools for cutting holes in the ice and some other fishermen's apparatus. The ice at this time was from four to six inches thick, and the weather was steadily but not severely cold. They spent the afternoon fishing through the Ice, and secured three fish. . . . McEwen saw that the ice had cracked in a long line about six rods*** from them, toward shore. McEwen called to Smith, and both ran toward the crack for the purpose of escaping to the shore, but before they reached it, the crack—at first discovery only six or eight inches wide—had increased so much that it was impossible to jump across it.

When it was evident that there were no means of getting across the crack otherwise, McEwen and Smith set about chopping out a cake of ice large enough to hold them, which they proposed to pole across the open water with their spear poles. Before they had half cut out the cake, however, they saw that they were driving into deeper water, and a trial proved that they were already beyond reach of bottom with their spear poles.

The castaways then abandoned all hope of getting to shore at that point, and started over the ice to the west, in the belief that it had not separated from the shore along the west. The ice which had been broken loose had also broken into many pieces, some large and some small. . . . Monday night brought the cold, freezing temperature which the castaways had been looking and hoping for, and on the morning of Tuesday . . . they found that the old ice had not only been materially strengthened and frozen together, but that a sheet of new ice had been formed . . . . Here was deliverance, and none too soon. . . . About seven o'clock Tuesday morning they were again on the move, and got to the little boat.

* **Alabaster:** located just south of Tawas City ****vestiges:** traces, evidence *****rod:** unit of measurement equal to 16½ feet

If Heaven Were on Earth. . . .

By Martha Climo, Michigan Historical Museum

If heaven were on earth, I was there—dog-sledding and winter camping in a national wildlife refuge one winter weekend. My anticipation of the trip was great—the experience immense. Friends and family wished me well and gave me my first Swiss army knife that I hung around my neck on a leather strap for good luck.

Ten of us met our tour leader, Polly, at her home with her dogs. Polly had lived for ten years in the Yukon. We loaded our camping gear, three hand-made dog sleds and seventeen dogs onto a special truck with small stalls and windows. The blond, white, black and white and brown dogs were a variety of breeds of Yukon Huskies—Alaskan, Siberian and Malamute—from the North—Old Crow and Athabascan villages. I led "Arctic Fox" to the truck. She was a beautiful, small pure white Malamute who immediately wanted a tummy rub.

At the lake, we unloaded our camping gear, laid out the dog lines, unloaded one dog at a time from the truck, attached each one to a special leash, put on their harnesses, and set off on a five-mile journey across the solid ice lake, covered with snow. We stood in the back of the sleds, our inside foot on a runner, our outside foot on the ground to pump—much like riding a scooter.

As Polly called out "Tighten Up" to Lonnie, her large black and white lead dog, the dog team jolted forth with tremendous force. Startled, I slipped and fell and dragged along the ground until I had to let go. I had not anticipated the strength and speed of the dogs and the necessity to balance my weight and body on the sled's runner. The trail across the snow-covered frozen lake was smooth now. We could each rest both our feet—one in front of the other—on one runner. It felt as if we were sailing on the ocean—but we were flying on the ice. Every half mile or so, Polly stopped the sled to let the dogs rest. The panorama was a never-ending painting—the hills around the lake were like thick triangular purple and blue brush strokes, the conifers were tall, deep green vertical brush strokes.

We arrived at our campsite, unhitched our four-legged friends, and attached them to metal leashes by three tents that other campers had set up for us. Polly gave each dog a bed of hay. I went to pet one, but the next dog beckoned me with his big, beautiful eyes—and the next and the next. I had to pet all seventeen dogs. We then collected fresh spruce and fir tree boughs to lay on the bottom of the tents to make the ground soft for sleeping. Two people dug a hole in the ice for us to get water to boil for cooking. We put wood in the stoves and lit them to warm the tents. One camper built an igloo to sleep in. Soon, the sun set and we began to make dinner—noodles and veggies, fruit, cookies, cocoa. We each visited the "out-tent", brushed our teeth with snow or boiled water, and dove into our sleeping bags exhausted, ready for a long winter night's sleep. I kept warm within my bag.

In the morning, a fellow camper came to our tent and said, "I've come to light your fire." What a treat! As the moon faded, the sky became bright blue with the rising yellow-gold sun. The day was clear and cold, the air crisp and fresh with strong winds. We made blueberry pancakes with hot maple syrup and butter.

And then we were off again! With our gear in the tents, one of us could ride in each of the sleds. Sitting snug in the sled, I took my gloves off to put on a facemask to keep the wind from biting my cheeks. Suddenly, I felt intense pain in my hands—the cold and wind had permeated each finger. Polly stopped the sled and helped me put on several layers of gloves. She had me switch places with the other sled driver—the only way for me to get warm was to keep my body working and moving.

Soon, we arrived at a cove for our picnic lunch. We built another fire, made hot vegetable soup, ate cheese and crackers, and visited while the dogs napped. We returned to camp where we chopped wood for the evening fires, fed the dogs, read, made dinner, washed dishes and talked till we fell asleep. In the morning, we ate bear mush cereal with fresh sliced applies and raisins, packed up our goods and took our last dogsled trip. It was another gorgeous day—blue sky, crisp air, bright sunshine. I enjoyed every second of the ride.

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A winter red and black hat worn by a child around 1900.
The earflaps are detatchable.
Collections of the Michigan Historical Museum

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